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WHARFEDALE POEMS.

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WHARFEDALE POEMS.

BY

THE WHARFEDALE POET.

"My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."—BURNS.

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TO THE READER.

One word before my verses meet thine eyes:—

Nursed in the lap of Nature, and almost living upon her charms, the writer has felt the necessity of pourtraying his thoughts on paper for his own delectation, and he has felt (forgive him if he has misinterpreted,) that others might perhaps catch and utilize his sentiments: hence this little book asks a candid reading. The erudite may discover the want of erudition in a Cotter's son. He appeals not, however, to learning (which he admires), but to the heart. Having said this, he bows profoundly to his reader, and hopes for a long and pleasant acquaintance.

The Banks of the Wharfe,
December, 1870.

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WHARFEDALE POEMS.

WHARFEDALE POEMS.

I'M LONGING FOR SPRING.

I'M longing for Spring, I'm longing for Spring,
When soft showers fall and when wild birds sing;
When nature is gay and the flower is unseal'd;
When hill, dale, and plain do their fragrance yield;
When crimson-tipp'd daisies are seen on the lea;
When sounds a wild note from bush and from tree;
When the pretty pale primrose looks up to the sky;
When the violet smiles with a tear in its eye;
When buttercups lovely in thousands are seen,
Like spangles of beauty all over the green;
When the sun is in glory at five in the morn;
When the blossoms are gay on the spray of the thorn;
When the birds are all building in hedgerow and tree;
When joy twitters merrily, jocund, and free;
When the young leaves unfolding, kiss gently the wind;
When the sweet-briar revels Sol's warm rays to find;
When young love, enchanted, retires to the glade,
And dreams of the future in sunshine and shade;

When amaranths bloom all fresh and all fair,
And fairies entwine them as gems in their hair;
When dew-drops bespangle the fragrant moss-rose;
When larks mount to bathe in each zephyr that blows;
When bluebells are gay by the clear river side,
Whose waters of crystal are scarce seen to glide;
When meadows, as carpets of emerald spread,
Seem to laugh with each tree as new-born from the dead;
When swallows revisit our dear island home,
Skimming blithe through the air, as if glad they had come;
When hedgerows with beautiful blossoms are clad;
When every fluttering insect is glad;
When young life is verdant, and nature's perfume
Is bursting from leaflets and scatter'd from bloom;
When stockdoves are cooing in every grove;
When linnets sing love-songs to linnets in love;
When butterflies soar on their strange starry wings
In search of the rarest and sweetest of things;
When the hum of the bee in all quarters is heard
In harmony sweet with the voice of the bird;
When lambkins are skipping about on the plain,
As dancing in time to the blackbird's wild strain;
When the milkmaid with glad heart is waken'd to song,
As she looks on the cowslips the way-side along.
When thus joyous Nature, uniting in praise,
Pours forth the grand music in marvellous lays,

I look on the wonders that God has brought forth,
And I feel I can't fathom their nature or worth:
Yet, in the glad spring-time I always rejoice
Till my heart's full of rapture and tuneful my voice,
And I sing, while the woodlands responsively ring,
"All hail to the spring-time—the beautiful Spring."

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN CHILD.

I MET a little blue-eyed girl,*
A-wandering o'er the green;
Her head was crown'd with curls as fair
As eyes have ever seen.

"How old are you, my little maid?"
I said; "Come tell, I pray."
Blushing, she said, "I'm eight years old
Upon the first of May!"

"Then tell me where your parents dwell,"
I softly to her said.
"Sir," she replied, "my parents dear
Are laid among the dead!"

"Then say where is your home," I said;
"With whom now do you live?
Come tell me fair one, and to you
This pretty book I'll give."

* "I met a little cottage girl."—WORDSWORTH.

I held the prize before her eyes,
The pictures to her showed;
And then she cried, "I'll tell you, sir,"
As meek her head she bowed.

"For I a brother have, and he
Is good and kind to me;
And oh! he'll love this book to read,
When list'ning I shall be."

I sat me down upon a stone,
And she beside me sate
(She wrapp'd her apron round the book)
Her story to relate.

"Please, sir, my simple tale I'll tell,
As you have askèd me;
I live within yon lowly cot,
Beneath the agèd tree:

"My aunt, my brother, and myself,
Together there abide,
And have done ever since the day
My gentle mother died.

"My father was a soldier, and
He was in battle slain;
For England—oh! he fought and fell
Upon the bloody plain.

"I often heard my mother say
That father died in fight;
And she would weep the live-long day,
And through the weary night.

"And soon her health began to fail,
Her colour went away;
And then for many weeks, alas!
Upon her bed she lay.

"They told me mother could not long
Continue—and 'twas true;
For at the dawn of coming day
Her parting breath she drew.

"They laid her in her coffin bed,
Then in the grave-yard drear;
And now the flowers above her grow,
And I am often there.

"And when I look upon her grave,
And think she sleeps beneath,
I think that I should like to be
With her asleep in death."

She ceas'd—and in her gentle eye
I saw the briny tear;
And yet a sweet smile seem'd to play
Upon that face so dear.

Rising, she left me on the spot;
Spell-bound awhile I stay'd;
I thought upon the gory field,
And where the dead were laid.

And then I thought within my heart,
If I with wealth were blest,
I'd call that little one my child,
And she would bring me rest.

Yet she is blest already—though
The tear was in her eye;
Her heart was with the blessèd dead:
She waited but to die!

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee, though far away,
While mingling with the throng;
I think of thee at close of day,
Wand'ring the woods among.

I think of thee at midnight hour,
When all beside is still;
And then, as if by magic's power,
Thou dost enchain my will.

I think of thee when morning light
Reveals our well-known walks;
Thus, day by day, and night by night,
Thy mem'ry with me talks.

LINES SUGGESTED BY HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING.

I HAVE listen'd, I have listen'd unto thy soothing lay,
Until my weary soul was stirr'd with visions bright and gay:
I thought I was again a boy, upon my mother's knee—
I heard her breathe the fav'rite song she used to sing to me;
My eldest sister, too, I saw close sitting by her side,
Weaving a crown of wild-wood flowers with tasteful, graceful pride;
And when the fav'rite song was o'er, the fragrant wreath was made,
My sister gently rose and placed the chaplet on my head;
And as this act she did, she said these cheering words the while:—
"In after years shall flowers like these thy thoughtful heart beguile,

And thou wilt sing in artless strains lays of thy native land;
Both friends and strangers from afar shall take thee by the hand."
And as the pleasing tale she told, the tear stood in her eye:
"But ere that wish'd for day shall come, I in the grave shall lie;
I in the silent grave shall lie, as still as still may be;
Yet then, you know, your songs you'll sing to others, not to me.
But I shall listen—listen, oh! to ev'ry word you say;
Yes, I shall hear the music when your tuneful harp you play."
My mother dear did listen to the story that she told,
And then she strok'd my sister's locks— her flowing locks of gold;
My mother heard each gentle tone, but ne'er a word did speak,
But brinish pearls in numbers roll'd adown her blanchèd cheek.
Oh! many weary years have sped since that remembered time:
My sister* died in maiden bloom, my mother in her prime;

* The author's sister died at the early age of thirteen. His mother at thirty-seven.

And close together now they lie within the grave-yard green,
But not a stone to mark the spot above their bed is seen ;
Yet still in memory they live—shall live to life's last day,
And then, as in my infancy, my head with them I'll lay.

I KNOW A SWEET SECLUDED SPOT.

I KNOW a sweet secluded spot
Where song-birds flit from spray to spray,
And carol forth their sweetest notes
All through the live-long summer day ;

And where the drooping willows spread,
And mingling, branching sweet-briars grow
Across the purling brooklet clear,
Whose waters bright meandering flow.

The wild-rose there in beauty smiles,
While bell-flowers deck the pathway side ;
And dew-drops radiant lingering stay,
Where sweetly scented violets hide.

To this dear haunt I oft repair,
With one who is my soul's own pride,
To breathe to her my tales of love
While sitting by the brooklet's side.

THE BLUEBELL.

ALL hail! thou fairy azure gem,
Sparkling in Nature's diadem,
With glowing pearl-drops full of light,
Sprinkled from the breath of night.
Array'd in skirt of emerald green,
Fit robe to grace a fairy queen;
Where could a brighter flower be found,
E'en though we search the woodland round?
The violet is fair to see
As is the cowslip on the lea:
Sweet is the wild-rose after showers,
But bluebells are the fairest flowers.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING WHARFEDALE.

"Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear."—BYRON.

OH Wharfedale! I must leave thy favour'd bowers;
Yet ere I go one fond last gaze I'll take.
Each tree in this fair scene to me is dear,
And seems to whisper to my drooping spirits
A pensive wailing to my pensive thoughts.
How often 'neath the arms of yon old tree
Have these ears listened to some pleasing song
Sung by the maid I loved, who is no more.
Together we shall never roam again,
To make the woodlands echo to our songs.

Oh! banks of Wharfe, she treads on fairer soil,
An angel, now—she dwells in Paradise!
Her songs were sweet, but how much sweeter now!
Oh could I once more see her at my side!
Yet no,—my love for her forbids the thought;
Nor must I grieve—but memory will oft
Call back the blissful hours we spent together,
And tears unbidden from their fountains gush
To trickle down my cheeks—yet cease complaint!
For blest are those who find relief in tears.
Oh! I remember well that precious eve,
The eve of Sabbath day, when I and those
Who were my young companions sallied forth
On those dear banks to wander for an hour;
Time flew so quickly that the tinkling bell
Surprised me—woke me from my reverie.
Within the fane, whence came those hallow'd sounds,
My duty was, that hour of ev'ning prayer.
Nature had charm'd me, but the sacred song
Pour'd out to Heaven's high King demanded me
As leader of the youthful vocalists.
Across the meadows at those sounds I flew;
The flight of bird I vied with as I ran.
In those days, too, I was a favourite
With Squire and Lady, for they lov'd my song,
Nor lov'd scarce less my wavy flaxen hair
And glowing cheeks, then blooming like the rose.
Now all is changed; the bloom has quite departed,

And once bright hair has now a sombre hue;
My light step chain'd by joints less supple grown;
Yet live I, but my friends are in the dust,
Save that a few remain to me. And Change
Has wrought his transformations upon them:
The blush of youth has grown to manly prime;
The man is now grown old: just as the grasses
Have overgrown the beds of the departed,
Who now are free from all the cares of time:
They have a world that never knows a change,
Peaceful they sleep, and sleep for evermore!
Yet no! the day shall come, when, chang'd once more,
The mortal shall awake to consciousness,
And immortality shall crown God's handiwork.
So I will onward press—my task fulfil;
And He who sends the soft refreshing dew
At eve, to cheer the drooping herb and flower
Will watch o'er me; and, should misfortune come,
Will help me through the struggle, and will bring
My weary soul within the bourne of Heaven.

MUSINGS.

WHILE I am at the garden gate,
The moon is in the sky;
The evening star is shining bright,
The streamlet rippling by.

The gladsome Spring has come again,
The vale is clad with flowers;
An emerald mantle covers o'er
These smiling hills of ours.

How glorious is the distant view
Of yonder moon-lit grove!
And gently o'er the face of Heaven
The tinted cloudlets move.

Grand also are the neighb'ring meads
Beneath the mellow light;
While dimly falls the village tower
Upon the raptur'd sight.

And softly sweet the zephyr sighs,
While winding through the bowers;
As on its wings it bears along
The breath of dew-clad flowers.

Those beauty-drops on leaflets green
All lovely now appear;
In their magnificence they vie
With jewels princes wear.

Oh! how I love this scene—'tis here
The tinkling streamlet flows,
And seems to ask my love for flowers,
And everything that grows.

The falling leaf—the wither'd flower,
The oak, tho' gnarl'd and rude,
Oft make me feel an ecstasy
That common thoughts exclude:

They bring to mind those happy days
Which held my soul of yore,
When heart was light and cheeks were bright
With roses mantled o'er.

TO A TUFT OF PRIMROSES.

OFT have I sought your fairy forms
In April's changeful hours,
From early dawn till ev'ning shades,
In Wharfe's enchanting bowers.

For then my ardent spirit lov'd
To trace each line with care;
Not tir'd with roving through the day
Where ye grew sweet and fair.

In sylvan grove—o'er mossy banks,
And down the valleys gay
(As poets dream, the fairies trip),
My feet were wont to stray.

The rivers, brooks, and woods, and birds,
My life and light seem'd then;
I held communion with the hills,
And with the outstretched plain.

Nor can my passion for you tire;
I love not less, but more:
And still I gather Primroses
As in the days of yore!

TO JENNIE.

THERE is sunshine in the valley,
And sunshine o'er the lea;
There are leaves upon the hawthorn,
And blossoms on each tree.

There are song-birds in the bowers,
And song-birds in the tree;
There are dew-drops on the flowers,
And health for you and me.

TO RICHARD SMITH, ESQ.

TO struggling genius thou a friend art true;
If wanting thee, what would the poor bard do?
Ah, sire, ten thousand thanks are due to thee
For thy kind acts and patronage to me.

Through life, oh may'st thou never want a friend:
Thy deep'ning path be bright unto the end.
And may kind Heaven guide thy daughters three,
Thy son at home, thy youngest o'er the sea:
And when Death's hand shall close each shining eye,
Then join the blest in immortality!

OH TELL ME NOT OF BRIGHTER LANDS.

OH tell me not of brighter lands,
Where maidens are divine:
Oh tell me not of gayer flowers
Than those sweet ones of mine.

There's not a maid, nor shrub, nor flower,
Look wheresoe'er we may,
So sweetly pure, so free, so fair,
As English homes display.

Where scented hawthorns deck each hill,
The primrose every vale;
Where violets 'neath the hedgerows blow,
And fragrance loads the gale;—

Where flowery meads and verdant groves
Invite the birds to sing;
Where bees for honeyed treasures ply,
And ply on tireless wing;—

Where milkmaids gay with glowing cheeks
At morn and eve do sing,
Thrilling the woods and valleys round
Till all with music ring,—

'Tis there the youthful loving pairs
May sit 'neath hedge or tree,
And tell their tender tales of love,
From rude intrusion free ;—

Where also dwells the good old squire,
Who loves to feed the poor,
Permitting not the hungry one
Fasting to leave his door.

'Tis thus sweet maids and lovely flowers
Make every homestead fair ;
While generous hearts awake a smile
By being present there.

Then tell me not of brighter scenes :
I call each view a dwarf
When once compar'd with what I love,—
The flowery, winding Wharfe.

A WISH, WITH A PRESENT.

THE gift accept, my fair young friend,
And to these simple lines attend,
From one who early lovèd thee,—
From one who still loves faithfully.
Come bind us with a golden chain,
Come tell me that you love again!
Never forget the vows we made
As once we trod the sylvan glade;
Tell me you love the very spot
Where violet and forget-me-not
I gave you, when beneath that tree
I vow'd to love you constantly.
Remember, also, Inholm's lane,
Where song-birds woke their joyful strain,
And daisies grew in graceful pride,
And laugh'd as we went side by side!
Have you forgot the rustic stile
Where first I saw your witching smile?
We wandered in the woody dell,
When night-winds sigh'd and beech-nuts fell;
The rippling stream we sauntered by,
And tear-drops fell from either eye.
'Twas there I stole the virgin kiss,—
You said you lov'd—my life was bliss;
But now, alas! no words can move
Thy heart to re-assert its love.
Still I'll be true till death shall come
And call me to my last long home!

TO A THRUSH.

THOU dost pour forth thy melody,
Tho' hill and dale are clad with snow;
The bitter north-winds stay not thee,
But ever onward dost thou go.

Oh! tell me why thou art so gay
At such a cold and gloomy hour;
There's no warm sunbeam's gladsome ray,
Nor doth there bloom a single flower.

Methinks thou'rt dreaming of the hours
When cowslips sweet bedeck the vale;
When flow'rets fair unite their powers
To fling their fragrance on the gale;

When daisies and when kingcups bloom
Beside the babbling, sparkling brook;
And linnets' sprightly carols come,
And roses from their green buds look;

When zephyrs whisper music soft
Thro' mossy dell and woodland glade,
And showers of gleaming dew-drops oft
Come pattering down the leafy shade;

When in the morn the milkmaid's song
Floats gently over hill and dale,
And joy seems rife all hearts among,
Like waves of life on every gale.

If such thy dream, hope on, nor fear,
For soon the snows shall melt away:
The earth will laugh, tho' now 'tis drear,
To greet the genial Spring-tide day.

THE LOVERS' SEAT ON THE BANKS OF THE WHARFE, TADCASTER.

MOSS-GROWN and rude is that old stone,
Close by the pathway laid
By accident, or hands unknown,
Beneath the old tree's shade.

There lovers fondly, often meet,
As in the woods the doves,
Who seek the shady, cool retreat,
Cooing their gentle loves.

And sweet it is, as evening hour
Closes the Summer day,
To feel the witching, soft'ning power
Of Nature's varied lay!

Below, the stream is stealing by,
With gurgling, tinkling sound;
While blackbirds lift their voice on high,
And fragrance breathes around.

'Tis pleasant on that stone to sit
When onward steals the night,
And see the leaves as moonbeams flit,
Dancing as in delight.

In such a scene 'tis sweet to tell
The tales of early love;
As flow the waters through the dell,
As coos the gentle dove.

Here, weary as the day may be,
My evening hours I'd spend;
And if these joys are not for me,
For earth my wishes end.

THE POET.

(An Acrostic.)

WORK, work! yes, ever at its work is the poor poet's brain—
In brightest hours, in darkest nights, he pours his earnest strain.
Line by line, and verse by verse, he onward, upward goes:
Like to the topmost boughs o' th' oak, toward heaven he grows.

In lonely room, in midnight's gloom, his brain he plies for you ;
Aye, oft till peeps the morning sun, does he his course pursue.
Mystery on mystery his pensive mind reveals ;
The simplest flower that decks the sod a lesson to him yields :
Yet, oft the poor bard knoweth want, tho' rich men take no heed,
And suffer him, while yet alive, thro' their neglect to need,
So that his muse to all the world sad shall record the deed.

ON HEARING THE ROBIN SING.

AGAIN the robin's song I hear,
Blithesome it warbles forth its strain ;
Oh ! dost thou come to tell thy tale
In music at my window pane ?

Hail to thee ! harmless redbreast ; thou
Dost stir my inmost heart this day ;
So thrilling are thy flowing notes,
Sweet bird, sing on, sing on, I pray.

My window I will open wide,
If only thou wilt with me stay ;
And food enough I'll give to thee,—
Repay me with thy pleasing lay !

I will not harm thee, pretty bird,
But I'll protect thee from the storm;
Come in, and my companion be;
I'll shelter thee, and keep thee warm.

And when the green leaves deck the thorn,
And flowers again shall grace the lea,
Believe me, thee I'll not detain;
As now, so then thou shalt be free!

TO MR. INGHAM, OF LEEDS,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

HAIL, Ingham, hail! the noblest friend on earth!
My uncouth muse can sing but half thy worth!
How throbs in gratitude my heart to thee,
For all thy bounty kindly shown to me!
May Heaven be with my friend where'er he goes;
Joys may he reap—that true friend only knows!
God blesses him who giveth to the poor
With tenfold mercy amplitude of store
(From HIM who made the stars to shine on high,
Who form'd the sun with beams to fill the sky,)—
Awaits; a thousand blessings, gently crown'd,
Fall on his head, and all his paths surround!
His silvery hairs a crown of glory see,
Blessèd in time and in eternity.

To him may life be full of joy and peace,
Peace growing, strength'ning as his years increase.
Let children learn with joy to lisp his name,
Nor let the Muses cease to raise his fame!
In words of fire, oh! let his virtues burn,
And future ages, spell-bound, mark his urn!

ELIZA WITH THE JET-BLACK CURLS.

ELIZA with jet-black curls,
Whilst strolling by Wharfe's side,
Declar'd she loved her minstrel-boy,
And she would be his bride;

That she would be his bonnie bride,
And love him night and day;
And naught on earth should cause her heart
To suffer love's decay.

But Death's cold hand untimely came,
And took her life away;
And now beneath the cold green turf
In peace her form doth lay.

And in the happy time of Spring,
Beneath the noon-tide ray,
The minstrel-boy full oft is seen
Beside her grave to stray.

He scatters o'er the grassy knoll
The flowers she prized so dear,
And lifts imploring eyes to Heaven,
As if engaged in prayer.

Then from the sacred spot he parts,—
Departed is his joy!
Ye lovers all come drop a tear
With this poor minstrel-boy.

LINES TO JENNIE.

CHEER up, cheer up, my own sweet maid,
We soon shall meet again;
I've not forgot the words we said,
While strolling o'er the plain.

Those beauteous flowers you gave to me,
When by Wharfe's winding stream,
Are in the book press'd carefully,
Like some fond poet's dream.

Tho' far apart we dwell, sweet maid,
I ever will prove true;
So trust me, and be not afraid
I other love than you.

ON SPRING.

NOW, Phœbus smiles on Wharfe's green banks!
The little bee is on the wing;
The feather'd tribes return their thanks
At the approach of gladsome Spring.

How sweetly yonder violets bloom
Beneath the spreading bushes green!
And O! how rich their sweet perfume!—
I own that Flora now is queen.

THE ROBIN'S WELCOME.

COME to my cottage door, sweet bird;
I've thrown some crumbs for thee;
Right glad I am to hear thy voice,
It sounds so sweet to me.

Now cold and piercing winds blow high,
And snow is falling fast;
Then come and share my frugal meal,
And stay till storms have pass'd.

With coming Spring thou shalt be free,
To range each plain and grove;
But come just now, and be to me
A messenger of love.

THE GLADE I LOVE.

THE glade I love, with music glad,
When Nature is with verdure clad;
The cuckoo's song is sweet to me
When twittering sounds from shrub and tree
Join in a general symphony!
I love to see the sweet larks rise,
To hear them warbling in the skies:
I love the sighing, rippling lay
From waters flowing by the way;
And when they dash the rude rocks o'er
I love to listen while they roar
Like basses deep, whose harmonies
The sounds in Nature well supplies.

ON SEEING SOME VIOLETS WITHERING.

SWEET violets, as I gaze on you,
The gathering tear bedims mine eye;
Fading so quickly from my view,
The parting sad evokes a sigh.

Oh! why not always with me stay,
And grace thro' life my varied path?
It cannot be—ye pass away,
As man, who here no resting hath!

DAISIES.

BEAUTIFUL daisies, all sparkling with dew,
Robèd in mantles of loveliest hue,
Blooming so sweet 'neath the sun's golden beam,
Waving your heads near the clear purling stream.

A WELCOME TO MAY.

"Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May."—CHAUCER.

HAIL thee, charming month of May;
Birds also sing a welcome lay;
And silvery brooks appear to me,
Sweet month of May, to welcome thee.

The glowing sun, the verdant trees,
The cowslips sweet, the passing breeze,
Lambkins disporting o'er the lea,
Rejoice, like me, to welcome thee.

The violet blue, and primrose pale,
Seem to disclose the self-same tale;
The daisy, and the daffodil,
Welcome thee with a right good will.

The skylark rises up on high,
And warbles forth sweet notes of joy;
The streamlet, too, sighs forth its lay,
To welcome thee, sweet month of May.

The smiling fields, the passing showers,
The bees upon the dewy flowers;
All things rejoice and dance with glee,
O glorious May, to welcome thee.

THE FIRST BUD OF THE YEAR.

WHAT wondrous beauty I can trace
Depicted on thy smiling face!
Of childhood emblem fair art thou,
With laughing eye and radiant brow!

On thee, oh! how I love to gaze,
Bathed in the sun's refulgent rays,
And sportive, dancing to and fro,
Kissing the breezes as they go.

Thy form—thy motions as in glee,
Enchain my soul, enchanting me;
Thou simple, lovely, witching thing,
Thou herald of the jocund Spring!

SONG.

I DO not care
For jewels rare;
They never could buy peace of mind:
To wed a squire
I've no desire;
My heart's another way inclin'd.

For I intend
My days to spend
With one I love that's o'er the sea;
Then come no more
Unto my door:—
Lordling nor squire shall ne'er wed me.

A REVERIE.

A FEW brief days, and then this breast,
From sorrow free, shall be at rest—
At rest within the earth:
But the immortal soul will fly
Back to its Father in the sky,—
To God who gave it birth.

REFLECTIONS ON MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land."—SCOTT.

TO bring our home scenes back to view is sweet,
For memory's pictures can the fancy greet.
The favourite haunts where in our youth we play'd,
The curious seat the spreading ash-tree made;
The splash and humming sound from water-mill
Die in the crystal waters of the rill;
The placid river, as it softly glides,
Kissing the flowers that fringe its verdant sides;
The ancient church, now mouldering to decay;
The good old school across the neighb'ring way;
The well-known chime of nightly curfew bell,
That on the breeze comes with a gradual swell;
The winding banks where daisies love to spring,
The towering larch, where thrush and blackbird sing;
The songs of larks rising from pastures rare;
The flowers sweet that grace the meadows fair;
The warning bark of faithful shepherd's dog;
The tranquil vale, the cottage free from clog
Of ceremonies that the rich oppress;
The lovely maiden clad in simple dress;
Upon those walls the creeping ivy grows,
While the meandering stream before it flows;
The rustic bridge that strides across the brook;
The tufts of cowslips in th' adjoining nook;

The lovers' stone within the calm retreat,
Where lightsome youths and charming maidens meet,
Love-tales to breathe by moonlight soft and sweet,
The farmboy leaning on the rustic stile,
Whistling some well-known ditty out the while;
The beechwood, fairy-like, from which the wren
Pipes its small song far from the haunts of men;
The jocund linnet on the aged thorn,
The first blush hailing of returning morn;
The five-leaved rose upon the thorny tree;
The bluebells hanging wildly, bonnily!
The stately foxglove by the river growing,
While the blackthorn a shade is o'er it throwing;
The hall embosom'd midst majestic trees,
Long has withstood the boist'rous wintry breeze;
The little bee in search of honeyed store,
Roaming each copse and smiling upland o'er;
The narrow path amid the sylvan glade;
The fragrant violets 'neath the verdant shade;
The beauteous primroses, the milkmaid's song,
The healthful breeze which bear those sweets along;
All hail! sweet scenes, you doth my heart revere!
While now I muse, I can't repress a tear;
My fancy you shall never cease to charm,
While throbs my heart within this bosom warm;
When closed shall be my wond'ring eyes for aye,
And in the silent tomb these limbs shall lie.

LINES TO A KINGCUP.

SWEET kingcup, tho' thy native bower is graced
By thy fair presence, I would have thy smile
Not here alone; but as I have a cot
Where love and peace and sweet contentment dwell,
And are my chosen guests,—there would I have
Thy company in graceful beauty drest:
My manners shall display no hurtful touch,
Nor rude hands rifle blossoms from thy stem;
Rather I'll tend thee with a constant care,
And when the world grows cold and strange to me,
And adverse fortune treads upon my path,
I'll look on thee, and thy bright smile shall bless
And cheer my drooping spirit,—and my trust
Shall climb and cast itself upon my God,
Who made thee beautiful—and thee supports!

TO B. B. THOMPSON, ESQ.,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride."—GOLDSMITH.

MY much-lov'd, highly valued friend,
Accept the trivial gift I send,—
The likeness of an artless bard,
To fame unknown—whom few regard:
About as wretched and as poor
As those who beg from door to door.

Thompson! whene'er I breathe thy name
A gleam of light, a grateful flame
Flits through my heart, brightens my eye,
And stirs awaken'd memory.
I see again thy father's day;
He ne'er sent misery away
Empty, none parted from his door,
For he was generous to the poor.
So thou, with heart as true and kind,
To show thy bounty art inclin'd:
Pity each poor one in distress,
And help him in his helplessness.
May Heavenly blessings on thee pour
Like April rain-drops evermore,
Prosperity and bliss entwine
For thee, as tendrils of the vine;
Long may'st thou live in joy and peace,
Thy foes be few, thy friends increase;
So also for thy bonnie wife,
God bless her with a calm long life,
May health and wealth upon her smile,
And peace reign in her domicile;
Thy children's hearts in love combine,
And star-like o'er thy pathway shine;
And when from earth you're called away,
Oh! may you meet in endless day!

IN MEMORIAM.

THE blackbird free, on church-yard tree
Breathes forth its cheery strain:
I drop a tear: Eliza ne'er
Will hear its song again;
The green sod lies upon her breast,
Her youthful heart is now at rest.

The daisy wee, upon the lea,
Doth wave its modest head;
The violet blue, and primrose too,
Delicious odour shed;
But fair Eliza ne'er will more
With me Dame Nature's works explore.

The tender dove, in tranquil grove,
Sighs forth her plaintive notes;
The milkmaid's song, yon woods among,
On balmy zephyrs floats;
But plaint of dove, nor song of maid
Disturb not where Eliza's laid!

The sun divine doth brightly shine
O'er fields of smiling green;
The skylark gay, warbles its lay
High in the blue serene;
But we shall see, alas! no more,
Eliza on this chequer'd shore!

ON THE SAME.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

'TIS now the hour of lone midnight,
And I have stolen from my bed,
Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
To spend an hour among the dead.

Whose grave is this with flowers bespread,
Upon whose heart is this sod press'd?
Is it not fair Eliza's bed,
Wherein her youthful head doth rest?

This is the spot where she doth lie,
Enwrapp'd in her long slumber deep;
She does not know I'm musing by,
Tho' down my cheeks the tears do creep.

Oh! fairest flower, little thought I
That thou, just in thy maiden bloom,
Before the Autumn passèd by,
Would'st be committed to the tomb.

That beaming eye can I forget?
Can I forget the winsome smile?
No: still in dreams I share them yet;
They do my midnight hours beguile.

Oft by thy side doth fancy grieve,
Thy snow-white hand is lock'd in mine;
I view thy bosom gently heave,
And hear thee breathe, "I'm fondly thine."

Ay, sitting 'neath the self-same tree,
Hearing the Wharfe's dear rippling stream;
The blooming flowers I plainly see,
And moonlight on the water gleam.

And hear the nightingale's sweet song
Re-echo through the neighb'ring grove:
And birds, the distant trees among,
Repeating former tales of love.

* * * *

TO CAPTAIN SHANN, J.P.

THE God of Heaven prolong thy days,
Our country long to bless;
The first art thou to help the poor,
And bring them happiness.

Thy acts to me I'll not forget,
As long as life is given:
One of the best souls ever born
On earth—made meet for Heaven.

SUGGESTED ON HEARING OF THE BURIAL OF MISS R—— ——.

> "Death lies on her like an untimely frost
> Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."—SHAKESPEARE.

AH me! another flower has droop'd and died:
The fairest of earth's flowers die earliest!
If the first blush of morning sees their birth,
They fade as fall the gentle dews of evening.
Such is this life of ours—mark we each day
With its swift hours? How quickly does it pass,
And passing, tells us life is but a dream!
Our Sister gone, was, in her youthful prime,
As pure and fair as the Spring's opening flower;
Radiant in bloom and beauty she appeared,
Nor knew we that the icy hand of Death
So soon would freeze her blood! yet now, alas!
She lies conceal'd from view in the dark grave.
Oh! let us love each other with a love
More lasting than the bounds of human life;
Time is too short for trifling—let us love
While healthful vigour lasts, and when decay
Points with its finger on the dial of time
To sunset hours, and these frail bodies quiver
Upon the brink of an Eternity,
We may commit the mortal to the dust
With joyful hopes of immortality.

THE BROOKLET.

PRETTY, purling, gentle brooklet,
Softly flowing on thy way,
My love dreams beneath yon willow;
Help her fancy to be gay.

Whisper gently to her senses,
Sweetly murmur to the ear,
Tell her that I love her truly,
Calm her spirits, banish fear!

THE SWALLOWS O'ER THE SEA HAVE FLED.

THE swallows o'er the sea have fled,
The sear leaves rustle 'neath my tread,
Each flower hangs down its gentle head,
For Summer days have flown.

The little birds forget to sing,
The butterfly to try its wing,
Their hum the bees no longer bring;
Charms dying one by one!

My heart is sad, my bosom sighing,
For 'round me lie the dead and dying,
And all my hopes, like them, are flying;
I, too, shall soon be gone!

I LOVE TO MUSE.

I LOVE to muse upon the time
When I in years was young,
When everything around my path
A lay of gladness sung.

I love to muse upon the fields
In which I then did roam,
And the old tree I swung upon,
Beside my cottage home.

I love to muse on that old church,
Still grand in its decay;
And silently that ground to tread,
Where many dear ones lay.

Yet more I love to muse of Heaven,
When holy thoughts arise;
Which make me long for brighter charms
And home above the skies.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR friend, on this thy natal day,
To thee I would devote a lay,
So lend a kindly ear to me
Whate'er my song may chance to be!

To tell thee thou art young, and fair,
Modest, and pure, as snowdrop rare
That blossoms sweetly by the brook,
Which ripples through the shelter'd nook,
Would look like flatt'ry—tho' I ween
'Tis true, and true has ever been.
May no frost nip thy fragile stem,
Nor fierce winds hurt thee, lovely gem.
Of man, deceitful man, beware,
Be cautious to avoid that snare;
Walk circumspectly, e'en in mirth,
As did the Saviour when on earth.
In all things truth should lead the van,
And sober wisdom mark each plan.
Treat kindly aged ones and poor,
Nor turn the wretched from thy door;
Do all the good thou canst on earth,
And thus show nobleness of birth.
Thy father love, and love thy mother,
Thy sister, also, and thy brother,
And in thy soul let Christ have place—
Repent all weakness, claim His grace;
And when thy youth and beauty fade,
And life slopes into winter's shade,
To thee the glory shall be given,
Fading on earth to bloom in Heaven.

SONG.

AT break of day,
I'll haste away,
And meet my love in yonder glade;
Then will we hie,
While soft winds sigh,
Beneath the wild-wood's cool green shade.

There will we stray,
'Mongst flowers gay,
Whilst birds their amorous lays rehearse,
And breathe our tales,
Where through the vales
The babbling brooks chime to my verse.

Our tales shall be
Love's harmony,
In songs as free as wild-birds bring.
So I'll away,
Without delay,
For now I hear my true-love sing!

THE BANKS OF THE WHARFE.

HAIL! beauteous Wharfe! thy waters still
Flow on—the mansion, cot, and mill
Remain the same, as changing never;
Thou changest, yet remaineth ever!

Thy flashing waters gleam like gold,
As fair they sparkled when of old;
In childish play thy flowerets sweet
Were wont my little hands to greet,
While notes of linnets or of thrushes
Inspired my heart with pleasure's gushes!
I love thy banks when laughing May
Decks Nature in her bright forms, gay
With green fields, mossy slopes and flowers
Breathe sweetness, blest are nooks and bowers,
For fragrance loads the passing breeze,
And Nature wakes each sense to please.
The osiers kiss the gentle stream,
As fitful plays the golden beam;
And fishes gliding here and there,
Vie with the tenants of the air!
How grandly stands yon ancient hall:*
Tho' hoar with years the giant wall
Withstands defiant storm and snow,
Frowns grimly back on winds that blow,
While trees majestic near it grow;
The ash still spreads its branches wide
Over the seat,† where at my side
Sat one whose cheek I fondly press'd
When love first fill'd my youthful breast.

* Healaugh Hall. † The Lovers' Seat.

Yes, let me drop a hallow'd tear,
For her who used to meet me here;
Still lov'd by me but lov'd in vain,
Since Death forbids to meet again!

MY HEART IS SAD.

MY heart is sad—oh! very sad;
Earth has no charms to make me glad,
For here I have a stranger grown,
With not a friend to call my own!
Back to your founts ye falling tears,
Unless ye can relieve my cares:—
Gush, then, in rivers down my cheek,
And ease this heart, or it must break!

MY JENNIE.

I'LL tune my harp, I'll strike the string,
And of my Jennie sweet I'll sing;
On mountain top, oh! let me stand,
And all the world to hear command.

Ye gentle breezes, waft along
The simple music of my song—
My Jennie dear is fair and young,
Of guileless heart and tuneful tongue.

Her voice with Philomel's might vie,
Like angel's songs her melody;
Her breath as sweet as dewy rose—
Breathes only good, no evil knows!

I love each stream and leaf and flower,
Each warbler sweet in Nature's bower;
But Jennie's smile is more to me
Than all these things combin'd can be.

Oh! might her eye on me but rest,
I'd fondly think my lot most blest;
She could my every care beguile—
Care could not live 'neath Jennie's smile!

SPRING.

"The time of the singing of birds is come."—SONG OF SOLOMON.

O SPRING! I love thee fresh and fair,
Season of bliss beyond compare,
When soars the lark into the sky,
And carols long and joyfully.
The sun resplendent throws his beam
O'er valley, woodland, lake, and stream;
And on the gently sloping hill
There blooms the smiling daffodil;
Each fragrant flower its influence sheds,
From yonder many coloured beds;

And then the cuckoo's matins swell
O'er hill and plain, and woody dell;
And near the brook where willows grow,
The primroses unnumbered blow.
By sunny banks I wend my way,
Where hyacinths and light winds play;
The orchids and the daisy flower
Together dance in Nature's bower;
The lily on the brooklet's breast
Is in its choicest mantle dress'd;
The orchards robed in brightest bloom,
Lade Zephyrus with sweet perfume;
While on the blossom-laden'd spray
The thrush pours forth his happy lay;
The butterflies with colours bright
Upon the nodding cowslips light;
And as I pass the hawthorn tree
I hear the humming of the bee!
The linnet on the old beech tree
Warbles a joyful melody;
The very insects in the grass
Seem whispering to me as I pass—
"Come and be blithsome, brisk, and gay,
Come let us keep a holiday."
Each wood and vale, and glebe and lea,
Show union, love, and minstrelsy.

Whithersoe'er I turn my eye
God's glory gleams from earth and sky;
Then thanks to Thee, Eternal King,
Who made the gladsome smiling Spring.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED DURING A RECENT RAMBLE ON THE BANKS OF THE WHARFE.

OH how refreshing feels the passing breeze,
As sinks the sun refulgent in the west,
And the broad sky is all one purple glow!
How sweet to rest upon some daisied bank
As closes such a glorious day as this,
Far, far from pomp, and noise, and busy town-life,
To view our Heavenly Father's wondrous works;—
Ah me! how can the harden'd infidel declare
There is no Supreme Being?—when at his feet
The little daisy flower itself doth bear
The very impress of a present God!

ON SEEING A SNOWDROP.

ON thy fair form I love to gaze,
Glad tidings thou dost bring;
Hence welcome art thou, lovely flower,
A harbinger of Spring.

Almost companionless art thou,
For others grace the Spring
When wild-birds with their cheerful strain
Make all the woodlands ring;

When comes the cuckoo from afar
Its strange wild song to sing,
When torrents change to purling brooks,
To welcome in the Spring.

Then trees shall don their choicest green,
And verdure clothe the plain,
And Nature clap her hands and sing,
The Spring is come again!

WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to rove thy banks, sweet Wharfe;
To view thy waters glide along:
To hear the neighb'ring woods resound
With the sweet wild-birds' matin song;

To sit beneath the hawthorn shade,
Where oft I've sat in years gone by;
To think upon the Cotter's maid,
Who in the silent tomb doth lie,

O MAIDEN SO DIVINELY FAIR.

O MAIDEN so divinely fair,
With flowing locks of auburn hair,
And beauteous eyes which far outvie
The hue of cloudless Summer sky;
Whose voice is like to chiming rill
At eve, when all beside is still!
Oh! but to lay my head at rest
Upon thy gently heaving breast;
To press thy dimpled cheek to mine,
And 'round thy neck my arms entwine;
From thy dear lips to steal one kiss
Were rapture new, untainted bliss!

THE MORNING INVITATION.

ARISE! my youthful queen, I cry;
High mounts the sun up in the sky,
And morning breezes softly play
Among the flowerets bright and gay;
The babbling brook, the flowing stream,
Drink gladness in Aurora's beam;
The feather'd tribes from bush and tree
Rehearse their songs of jollity.
Oh! come with me, enjoy this hour
Of pearly dew, and op'ning flower;—

Come, then, with me o'er grassy lea,
And sit beneath the hawthorn tree—
The freshness of the morn inhale,
And hear the stockdove's fond love-tale,
From tranquil haunt 'neath greenwood shade,
Mingling with song of rustic maid,
Who joyful sings and milks the cow
Beneath the oak tree's spreading bough.

SONG.

THE silvery moon is in the sky,
The verdant corn adorns the vale;
And every breeze that passes by
Bears jocund song of nightingale.

The moon-lit dew gleams on the rose,
And softly evening zephyrs sigh;
And every brooklet as it flows
Sings out a charming melody.

Oh! leave thy domicile, I pray,
And walk awhile, sweet love, with me;
Pleasure will go where'er we stray,
And crown us with tranquillity.

And I will tell a soothing tale,
A tale thou wilt be glad to hear;
Come, moon and stars their beams unveil,
And Love seems living everywhere.

THE ROSE.

BLOOM on, thou sweet and fragrant flower,—
Superb each petal glows;
The air is fill'd with sweet perfume
From thee, thou blushing rose.

Bloom on—and yet thy time is short,
And thou, alas! must fade;
Thy perfume cannot Death persuade
To spare thy lovely head!

Like thine, our time on earth is short;
Life frail, as is thy bloom;
We walk awhile the busy scene,
Then sink into the tomb.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

FAIR child that in the sunny days dost love
To stray among the newly open'd flowers,
And quaff from them the sweet pellucid wine,—
Weary thou sleepest on some blossom's bosom,

Secure among the sweets of Nature's hand.
A happy lot is thine ; no cares, no weight
Of business knowest thou, nor art thou bound
To toil as man within the dingy walls
Of workshop, far from Nature's beauteous green :
Oh ! had I wings I'd join thee in thy flight,
Together we would roam o'er smiling mead
And sunny woodland, drinking as we went
The nectar which distils from fragrant flowers,—
A lightsome pair with happiness enclosed !

THE NEGLECTED LYRE.

"Then chafe not, fret not, that thy lays
Die on the common ear.—MRS. CRAVEN GREEN.

OH ! do not cast thy harp aside ;
Be sure thou dost not sing in vain ;
Thy tuneful lyre has been my pride :
Then wake the music oft again.

An evil hour that hour would be,
Should thy dear harp forget its strain :
Then let my prayer have weight with thee,
Nor let me plead with thee in vain.

What tho' the cold and busy throng
Heed not thy music pure and sweet ?
Some souls there are who love thy song,
And know thy muse with truth replete.

Genius like thine can ne'er decay :—
  See'st thou the ivy, fresh and green ?
So Summer skies, or wintry day,
  Shall see thee stately and serene.

Then cast not thy dear harp aside ;
  Be sure thou dost not sing in vain ;
Thy tuneful lyre has been my pride :
  Then wake the music oft again.

TO A DAISY.

BLOOM on, thou floweret bright and fair !
  Though chill and dreary hours are thine,
Thou knowest not distracting care,
  Yet bearest marks of care divine.

Tho' boisterous blows the wintry wind,
  And whiffles round thy slender form,
Meekly to me thou seem'st resign'd,
  Yet cheerful midst the raging storm.

The winter's gloom will soon be o'er,
  And Spring in all its charms appear ;
Then cease not smiling, lovely flower,
  As brighter days will soon be here.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS LOVED ONE.

FAIR one! I would that thou shouldst sweetly rest,
Now that the cold world cannot frown on thee,
Nor sorrows reach thee in thy narrow bed!
Peace always stayeth in that home of earth;
And, when my span of life is run, may I
In equal peace lie slumb'ring at thy side!
Yes, thy repose is constant and profound.
Tho' low thy bed, this spot is beautiful;
The laughing sun in glowing splendour looks
Upon thy grave; the flowers above thee grow
With virgin beauty, gently they unfold,
Breathing their odours to the fanning breeze;
The stately trees that o'er thee sadly wave
Shelter the birds; while tunefully they sing,
As warbling out in wildest minstrelsy,
They seem to tell their tales of joy or woe
By turns—and stay their music only when
They seek refreshment from the fragrant winds
That, kissing first the bosom of the flower,
Rise towards Heaven to bear the incense thither.
Yet thou, alas! art hid from Nature's charms,
Nor can its music reach thy ears. Thy form
Lies in the cold embraces of the earth;
Thy ears are deaf, thy eye-balls blind, tho' age
Had not approach'd thee—still in maiden prime;

But Death took, ruthless, all their glory off,
And laid thy throbbing, bounding heart at rest.
Oh Death! unfeeling Death, why didst thou steal
Her from my side and leave me thus alone?
A life in such a scene without an aim!
Oh! let me fly to some dark, dreary cave;
Some solitude which man hath never trod,
And there in watchfulness and solemn prayer
I'll pass my days, till Death at length shall come
And set my longing, weary spirit free;
Then may I mount as on the wings of wind
To meet her who now is quite of out view!

AN AUTHOR'S WISH.

WHEN Death shall claim me for his own,
Lay me beneath the elm-tree's shade;
That tree where in the hours of youth
My early friendships dear were made.

There raise no monumental stone,
But let the daisy grow,
An emblem of the early hopes
Of him who sleeps below.

For it has been my favourite flower,
Its form is dear to me;
So I would have it on my grave,
My monument to be!

COME, MAGGIE, LOVE, AND ROAM WITH ME.

COME, Maggie, love, and roam with me
Across the daisy-jewelled lea;
The blackbird blithe and speckled thrush
Pour out their songs from tree and bush;
The linnet in the leaf-clad grove
Carols his sweetest lay of love;
The cuckoo o'er the dewy lawn
Has sung his song since early dawn;
The brooklet tells its tinkling tale,
While dancing gaily down the vale!
The bee is kissing every flower;
The wren is piping in the bower;
The primrose pale and violet blue
Are deck'd with sparkling pearly dew;—
In sooth, all Nature wears a smile
That well may every soul beguile!—
Say, Maggie, wilt thou roam with me
Across the flower-bespangled lea,
Adown the pathway by the mill,
On to the church upon the hill,
And there beneath the spreading tree
I'll sing some favourite airs to thee,
And truthful breathe my tales of love,
As softly as the plaintive dove;

For not a flower adorns the lea,
And not a rose upon the tree
Is half so sweet I vow—I swear,
As thou to me art youthful fair.

ADDRESSED TO PATTY H——, INVITING HER TO AN EVENING WALK.

COME forth, thou chosen of my heart—Arise
As the fair Harvest moon which walks thro' Heav'n,
And tenderly is smiling on the earth!
Oh! come, thou fairest one, and let us go
Our favourite walk, where trees the valley fill
With wondrous beauty, moving us to love!
Thou know'st the pathway to the water-mill,
Whose wheel is by the silvery brooklet turned,
That stream which, as it passes by thy bower,
As if at play, flashes the sunlight back!
It stays not at thy father's snow-white cot,
But taking its fair image on its bosom,
Rolls onward—so do thou come on with me!
True peace abides in that fair cottage home,
And will abide, tho' thou should'st walk with me.
Come! peace goes with us—while beneath the thorn
We'll sit and talk of happy days not yet!
When in our own sweet bower somewhere we dwell,
Then joy and health and plenty smiling 'round;

In flowery Spring-time we will view together
The sprightly lark rise from the clover bed,
And listen to its early morning song,
As brilliantly it mounts towards the sky;
Then will we walk the banks where primroses
And lovely violets lift their beauteous heads,
With pensive eyes, as supplicating Heaven,
And praising Him who doeth all things well!
Then come, my own beloved, my queen, my life—
Let us go forth together joyfully
To spend an hour where Love and union dwell.

AUTUMN.

LATER the King of Day doth rise,
And dark'ning clouds obscure the skies;
The yellow leaves fly from the trees,
As keenly blows the northern breeze.
Now as I rove the woods among,
I hear no blackbird's cheerful song,
No perfum'd zephyr floateth by,
And all the wild-flowers withering lie;
Summer hath fled like youth's sweet dream:
Like life's decline doth Autumn seem.

MY NATIVE LAND, MY MUCH-LOV'D HOME.

MY native land, my much-lov'd home,
My drooping spirit clings to thee;
No matter wheresoe'er I roam,
Thou ne'er wilt be forgot by me.

Thy tranquil walks how prized by me!
'Twas there my heart first learn'd to love;
'Twas there I vowed beneath the tree
That I to one would faithful prove.

Oft wandering o'er the moon-lit glade,
I breath'd to her my tender tale;
But Death destroyed what love had made,
And like the dove her loss I wail.

Oh! lovely maid, can I forget
Thy beauteous form, thy placid smile,
When on the banks of Wharfe we met,
And sat upon the rustic stile?*

But oh! those joyous hours have sped,
And I am greatly changed since then—
The bloom from off my cheeks hath fled,
Nor will it e'er return again.

* The Fish-house Gate Stile.

Of her bereft whom I loved best,
I wander far from friends and home;
But of her loving form at rest,
I'll think while thro' the world I roam.

LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER.

St. John, xiii. 34.

IS thy brother in distress?
Help him in his helplessness.
He like thee is "flesh and blood;"
So if thou canst do him good
Do it quickly—for who knows
But that ere the day shall close
Thou may'st breathe thy latest breath,
And thine eyes be blank in death?
Death to young, death to the old,
Comes in ways dread—manifold!
Do thou good, as all men may,
Ere thy life shall pass away!

WINTER.

NOW fast is falling feathery snow,
And blustering piercing north-winds blow;
The sun withholds his warming beam,
And ice holds sway o'er pond and stream.

Upon the banks no wild-flowers blow,
Nor does the scanty herbage grow;
No song-bird pours its melody,
Save one lone warbler on the tree
Leafless and cheerless. Robin sings
And shakes the snow-flakes from his wings;
Sweet bird, canst thou be happy there?
Or tell thy notes of woe and care?
The ringing footsteps on the ground,
Snow-clad, are heard with duller sound—
Stern Winter holds his reign o'er all,
And is grand Nature's fitting fall!

TO MAGGIE F——.

SWEET Maggie! calm is evening hour;
Say wilt thou stray with me,
While Luna sends her soft'ning power
O'er upland, vale, and lea?

Now gently are the light dews falling,
And balmy is the air;
While night-birds, to each other calling,
To love give willing ear.

The sky is now serene and calm,
And down the glade will we;
Where wild-flowers fling their scenty balm,
And streams chime merrily.

Come, then, fair Maggie, let us rove
While moonlight gilds the scene;
And I will tell sweet tales of love
Such as shall please I ween!

FAIR SUMMER TIME.

FAIR Summer time has pass'd and gone,
And flowers are fading one by one;
So friends fall dead on every side,
Whilst I'm with health and strength supplied.
Time runs along with swift career,
And short's the longest sojourn here;
One hour beholds us in full bloom,
The next attends us to the tomb!
Lord give us grace to watch and pray,
While travelling on our short sad way,
That when on earth our race is done,
We may join those before the throne.

THE SQUIRE'S ESTIMATION OF AN OLD SERVANT.

SEE you the cot which yonder stands,
Close to the green hill-side?
Beneath its old thatch'd roof there once
A widow did reside.

Her husband when alive long wrought
For Jones, Esq., M.P.;
To him he served as gardener, sir,
Near half a century.

The gardener died ten years ago,
He died in flowery May;
And now his resting place is green,
Smiling o'er man's decay.

But scarcely had the cold earth closed
Over the lowly bed,
When to the widow went the Squire,
And kindly to her said—

"I bought a cot the other day,
The one just o'er the green,
With ivyed wall and thatchèd roof;
You know it well, I ween.

"Your husband while he was alive
Served me to virtue true;
I wish to show I know his worth:
I give the cot to you.

"And that your widowhood may be
Less dashed with anxious care,
I make you owner while you live
Of thirty pounds a year."

Why need we tell of thankfulness,
Or prayers sent up to Heaven,
Imploring happiness for him
By whom this boon was given?

Nor need we tell of falling tears,
The fruits of gratitude,
As she look'd on and fancied he
Was like an angel good.

Before a week had pass'd away,
She to her cottage went,
To spend her last remaining years
In quiet and content.

I've seen her oft at eventide
Sit by her cottage door,
To watch the lab'rers homeward bend,
When their day's toil was o'er.

And 'twas a gladsome sight to see
Her walking on the way
To yonder church within the vale,
Upon a Sabbath day.

But months they glided into years,
And age came creeping on;
And then the grave received her corse:
She's to her husband gone.

Over their grave a willow droops,
With melancholy bough,
While flowerets grow with loveliness,
And some are blooming now.

Oft I have stol'n at close of day
To view the silent spot;
But, ah! my wand'rings soon will cease:
The grave will be my lot.

I've seen some three score years and ten;
My limbs are bow'd with years;
My soul ere long will take its flight
From this dark vale of tears.

Then I too shall be laid adown,
Beneath the valley's clod;
The world to me will nothing be:
The soul be with its God!

O! I WILL HASTE TO YONDER GROVE.

O! I will haste to yonder grove
Where the wild bluebells grow,
And song-birds pour their strains of love
Upon each waving bough.

I love to see the woodbine twine
Around the blooming rose;
To hear the village church-bells chime,
When evening's zephyr blows.

I love to see the village church
With ivy twined around;
And near the end the spreading birch,
Whose branches kiss the ground.

TO THE POOR WOMAN WHO WAS SENT TO GAOL BY THE C——— M——— FOR GLEANING.

"And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger. I am the Lord your God."—LEV. xxiii. 22.

"Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave
That man should exist as a tyrant or slave?"—C. PRINCE.

I LIKE to thee a gleaner was
In tranquil days of yore;
My mother had a fam'ly large,
And we were very poor.

About our fruitful neighbourhood
Glean could we at our will,
In any field where corn had stood,
Until we had our fill.

But C—— was not our abode,
There little tyrants reign;
Take from the poor their privilege,
And bind them with a chain.

Not o'er the spot where tyrants lay,
May green grass ever grow,
Nor weeping ash extend its arms,
Nor modest daisy blow;

Nor marble slab, nor monument
Uplift its head on high;
There let them sleep, by all forgot,
Forgot by all for aye!

But brave and noble-hearted souls
Shall in the poet's lay
Live, till this marv'llous globe of ours
Dissolves itself away.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS IN JUNE.

"—All the air a solemn stillness holds."—GRAY.

THE wild-rose rests its beauteous head
Upon the woodbine's fragrant breast,
While down the King of Day hath sped
Into the crimson'd, glowing west.

The zephyr scarcely stirs a flower;
All is so tranquil, hush'd, and still;
Spell-bound, as by some mystic power
That Heaven as well as earth can fill.

'Tis pleasant now to roam—afar
From cities, towns, and haunts of men,
While mildly beams the evening star
Over the flower-bespangled glen.

Its radiance beckons us on high,
And, silent, says "be of good cheer;
Thou hast a house above the sky;
Earth is no home; don't seek it there."

O man, whate'er of life is past,
Thy sojourn here can not be long;
Wisely employ, then, what thou hast,
And seek to join the angel throng.

LITTLE STREAMLET.

LITTLE streamlet, ever flowing,
Onward flowing to the sea;
Weary never—good e'er doing,
How I would be like to thee!

Through green pastures softly stealing,
Rippling through the grove and vale;
Thirst assuaging, ailments healing,
Plants and flowers thy breath inhale.

Thou dost glide, and I am gliding;
Useful, too, I'll try to be,
As my days are flying—sliding
Into dread Eternity!

SABBATH BELLS.

CHIME on, chime on, ye Sabbath bells!
Your minstrelsy o'er hills and dells
Proclaims to all in joyful sound
That rest, and peace, and love abound.
To me 'tis sweet to hear your chime,
As back it calls the happy time
When life with me was young, and free
From all the world's perplexity;
And faithful friends I knew of yore,
Who can my *friends* be now no more!

WHEN GENTLE GALES.

WHEN gentle gales are blowing, love,
Over bank and lea,
And wild hedge-roses throwing, love,
Fragrance wide and free;

Whilst feather'd tribes are singing, love,
From each blossom'd spray;
And vesper-bells are ringing, love,
Wilt thou with me stray?

Where hawthorns spread their arms, love,
O'er the crystal stream;
Whose waters sigh their charms, love,
Such as poets dream;

I'll plight the truthful vow, love,
'Neath the fragrant shade;
Soft as the waters flow, love,
Come with me sweet maid.

LINES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BOLTON WOODS, WHARFEDALE.

'TIS grand to walk in solitudes profound,
Nature to view in all her wildest modes;
Stupendous scenes burst on th' astonish'd sight,
Till the heart leaps for what the eye beholds.
What pictures in such scenes unfold themselves,
And ask for thought from contemplative minds!
The high winds now are howling thro' the trees,
Mingling with what the mind imagined was
The sound of footsteps coming on this way.

Yet no! 'twas but the echoes from the wood,
Commingling with the roar of cataract;
Where in the distance it keeps up its brawl,
Dashing and leaping in its course o'er rock
And rugged precipice—it bounds and foams,
And onward pushes its incessant course,
Until it reaches its mysterious home,
Th' immensity of waters called the Sea.

ON SEEING TADCASTER CHURCH.

STILL stand'st thou, venerable pile,
And lookest as thou did'st of old;
Yet crumbling are thy walls the while,
Thy lengthen'd years remain untold.

I thought thine age would bring decay,
When last I view'd thy lofty tower;
And yet, as then, thou seem'st to-day
Almost untouch'd by Time's dread power.

Around thee grow the same old trees,
'Neath which in childhood oft I play'd;
And still they stand the wintry breeze,
Still o'er me wave with grateful shade.

Still sacred fane, oh ! may'st thou stand,
While generations pass to rest;
A beacon pointing to the land
Where stands the City of the Blest.

COME ROAM THE FIELDS.

COME, Emma, roam the fields with me;
The month of May has come;
Wild-birds are singing on each spray,
And violets are in bloom.

We'll wander by yon orchard side,
To view the blooming trees;
And hear the sweet notes of the thrush
Float on the morning breeze.

We'll sit beneath the verdant shade,
Where sweetest wild-flowers grow;—
I'll twine a wreath of choicest gems,
And place it on thy brow.

I'll crown thee Queen of Merry May;
I'll banish care and gloom,
And fairies clad in bright array
Shall bless thy peaceful home.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

CHEER up, my youthful friend, cheer up!
Away with care and sorrow;
Tho' gloomy be thy sky to-day,
It may be bright to-morrow.

Despair, not then, my youthful friend,
But be thou up and doing;
Many a man for want of faith
Hath headlong run to ruin.

Let perseverance, hand in hand,
Go on with early rising;
And thou shalt find in little time
A change that's quite surprising.

Put thy whole trust in God Most High,
And He will guide and guard thee;
And when thou leav'st this chequer'd scene,
Heaven's vision will reward thee.

TO A COWSLIP.

MUCH pleas'd I view thee, tinted flower,
With gently nodding pendant head;
And listen to the song-birds' strain
As they glide o'er thy greensward bed.

For beauteous art thou to behold,
When mantl'd o'er with dewy sheen;
Thy form more pleasant is to me
Than is the throne of fairest queen.

I will awhile by thee recline,—
My soul with ecstasy is fill'd—
I would I had a poet's pen,
Or e'en in learning I were skill'd.

Thy name I'd breathe all o'er the globe,
Till every region knew thy praise;
And future generations should
Thy glory know in happier days.

But I must leave thee, meek-eyed flower,
Yon busy town* now calls me hence;
So I will trust thy fragile form
Beneath the eye of Providence.

I'VE SEEN A THOUSAND BEAUTEOUS FORMS.

I'VE seen a thousand beauteous forms,
And all their faces fraught with smiles;
But oh! to view such eyes as thine,
I'd travel twice two hundred miles.

* Leeds.

Those twinkling orbs with lucid beam
Should be as beacons to my way;
Should light me if the path were dark,
So that my feet should never stray.

And oh! believe me, gentle maid,
When in the Heavens the bright stars shine,
Their rays shall rouse my ling'ring love
To think their twinkling glories thine!

THE YOUTH'S SOLILOQUY WHILE WAITING FOR HIS LOVE.

OH! my own love, why art thou lingering?
The hour has long pass'd since we should have met;
And this the spot is, but thou art not here.
Where dost thou stray, my own sweet blushing nymph?
Are thy eyes gazing on some brighter scene?
Or do thy feet tread in some fairy place?
Yes! wheresoe'er thou art is fairy-land!
Ye winds that blow, breathe perfumes around her,
And whisper to her that her lover waits,
Impatient, while you kiss her loving lips.
Tell her her lov'd one waits her coming hither;
That he has cull'd the choicest flowers that grow,
And wove a chaplet for her marble brow,
Intending her to crown, as beauteous queen
Of Wharfedale's happy, youthful, blushing maids.

COMPOSED ON THE LAST DAY OF AUGUST.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST COMPOSITION.

FAREWELL, farewell, sweet Summer month!
I heave a sigh for thee;
The beauteous wild-flowers soon will fade,
And bloom no more for me.

Should my short life be spared till Spring,
I'll see the daisies bloom;
And watch them all arise with glee
From their lone wintry tomb.

Then will I wander in the grove,
When the sun's radiance glows,
To hear the rustling of the trees,
And watch their waving boughs.

I love to hear the wild-birds sing;
Sweet is their tuneful strain;
I love to see the lambkins skip
All o'er the flowery plain.

I once was like a little lamb,
That skipp'd from plain to plain;
But, oh! those hours have pass'd away,
Nor will return again.

Thus quickly do the short years fly,
  Thus runs my life away;
O teach me, Lord, to love Thy name:
  Prepare me for Thy day.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

I'LL ne'er forget that joyous eve,
  When you and I last met;
I'll ne'er forget the glance you gave,
  Which told you lov'd me yet.

The words you spoke were clear and mild,
  Good, sensible, and free;
Your bosom heav'd a heavy sigh,
  Which told that you lov'd me.

Love seem'd to tingle in thy hand
  When it was press'd in mine;
The love-lit smile shone on thy face,
  Which fondly said "I'm thine."

The modest blush was on thy cheek,
  Just like the blooming rose;
Tears from thine eyes like dew-drops fell
  When Summer's zephyr blows.

Why need I ponder in despair,
And sigh my life away,
When every look in silence speaks,
Thou wilt be mine some day?

Then will I rise up with the lark,
And toil and sing all day;
And happiness shall be my lot,
And all thy moments gay.

When years have flown and strength decays,
And signs to part are given,
I'll hope to meet above the skies,
To dwell with thee in Heaven.

BUT CHARMING WOMAN I LOVE MORE.

A MAID divinely sweet I saw,
One early Spring-tide morn,
Plucking the fairest, sweetest flowers
Beneath a snow-white thorn.

Her golden locks dishevelled hung
Around her neck so fair;
And eyes had she so bright—the stars
Could not with them compare.

I love to hear the lark's clear song,
I love the blackbird's lay;
I love to look upon the rill,
That dances on its way.

But charming Woman I love more
Than all the world beside;
And I will feast upon her smiles,
Whatever may betide.

TO A FRIEND IN LEEDS.

MY friend, a true born Englishman art thou,
The stamp of man is 'graven on thy brow;
Oh! much I glory in such men as thee,
Such hearts may well make Albion prouder be;
May Peace (fair nymph) over thy household reign,
And fortune weave for thee a golden chain;
May rosy health with all her blushing charms
Surround, enfold, and bear thee in her arms.
And as the transient years wheel softly 'round,
May thy endeavours with success be crown'd.
God bless thy queen, thy bonnie graceful wife;
Oh! may her days be long, with pleasures rife,
Her life be like some calm unruffled stream
That glides with music 'neath Apollo's beam!

MY JENNIE'S BY HER COTTAGE DOOR.

MY Jennie's by her cottage door;
She sits and spins all day,
And sings her songs from morn till eve;
No lark can be more gay.

Wharfe's gentle stream below doth glide
In sweetest music by:
While birds around from every bough
Breathe out their harmony.

I love to hear my Jennie's voice,
But most to see her smile;
And oh! to kiss her roseate cheek,
I'd walk a hundred mile.

How sweet to view the lily's form,
When moonbeams on it rest!
Yet sweeter still to lay my head
Upon my Jennie's breast!

My Jennie's given her sweet consent,
We soon shall married be;
And I will never break my vow,
For she's so kind to me!

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

AT the solemn hour of night,
Where the glow-worm sheds its light,
In the flowerets bell I hide,
With the ghost-moth by my side;
Then on blushing blossoms sleep,
While the stars their vigils keep.

With acorn-cup I gather dew
From fragrant flowers of every hue;
And oft I cast a witching spell
Over brook, and grove, and dell;
Anon on dandelion's seed
I wing my airy flight with speed,
And where rivers rushing glide,
On their liquid brows I ride;
Or when Cynthia opes her eye,
Join the fairy revelry.

Sometimes in reptile's slimy cell
Pensive thought delights to dwell;
There I stay in solitude,
Happy in each changing mood.

BEES EVER KISS.

BEES ever kiss the sweetest flowers,
While roaming through fair Nature's bowers;
Then loveliest damsel how can I
Pass one so bright as thou art by?

Oh! be not coy as thou art fair,
But let me kiss those roses rare;
Thy ruby lips to mine oh! press,
And with thy smile thy lover bless.

MUSINGS BY THE RIVER WHARFE.

FLOW, sweet crystal River, flow onward in glee,
Thy musical murmurs are pleasing to me;
The flowers have all closed and the birds are at rest,
And the moonbeams lie lightly or dance on thy breast;
The lamp of the glow-worm shines out in the vale,
Where roses are breathing perfume to the gale;
But the old mill is silent, the miller is dead,—
In the church-yard sleeps he, in his lone narrow bed.
How many I miss when at even I roam
Through the valley so dear that encircles my home;
The smiles they once gave me come back to me still,
And this life seems a dream and its pleasures are *nil:*
Yet the scenes of my childhood rise fresh to my view,
All crowded with forms such as those I once knew.
On these banks by the moonlight how oft do I stray,
While the soft dews are stealing o'er floweret and spray,

With the Cotter's sweet daughter, the pride of my
heart,
Our love-songs to sing and our tales to impart!
Such moments as these are delightful to me;
Then, sweet crystal River, flow onward with glee.

ALICE LEE.

I SAW her in the sunlight laid,
Happy Alice Lee;
A wreath of flowers her brow array'd;
Beautiful was she.

In balmy sleep her eyes reposed,
Lovely Alice Lee:
Like daisies when the day hath closed,
So she seem'd to me.

A rose was blooming on each cheek,
Gentle Alice Lee:
But for the world I dar'd not speak,
Lest she should startled be.

At length she op'd her bright blue eye,
Blushing Alice Lee;
And such a twinkle did I spy
As you'd like to see.

I gently press'd her hand divine,
Sweetest Alice Lee ;
And from that hour she has been mine,
And for aye shall be.

TO THE REV. E. H. BROOKSBANK, J.P., HEALAUGH HALL.

YOUR letter, kind sire,
Was a thing to admire ;
It made my young heart all a-blaze ;
It quicken'd my muse
Her efforts to use,
To pour forth a song in your praise.

On our valleys and hills
Your goodness distils,
And the children rejoice at your name ;
Every amorous youth,
And each maiden in sooth,
Delighted, give wings to your fame.

May good health attend you ;
May God e'er defend you
Wherever your footsteps may wend ;
May your length'ning career
Be more blessèd each year,
And never know want of a friend !

BY THE MARGIN OF WHARFE'S RIVER.

BY the margin of Wharfe's River,
Where the wild-flowers love to spring;
Where the song-birds with their music
Make th' enchanted valley ring;

I will meet thee by the hawthorn,
That o'erhangs the laughing rill;
While the moon shines out with splendour,
O'er the fast decaying mill.

We can view the village steeple
From that dear delightful spot;
Through the avenue of chesnuts,
Where is seen thy father's cot.

Words of love I'll breathe so gently,
While thy hand is prest is mine;
Tales of constancy I'll tell thee,
How I'll be for ever thine.

Yes, we'll think of love and Heaven,
As the happy moment flies;
And forget this world of trials,
Gazing in each others' eyes.

Then remember, O! remember,
By the margin of the stream;
Where the waters babble gladness,
Lilies smile and lovers dream.

TO A PIMPERNEL.

THOU beauteous blushing Pimpernel,
Thou art belov'd by me;
Bringing a thousand happy dreams
Back to my memory.

Thou dost recal the golden days
When innocence was mine;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Told me a tale divine.

Now fancy sees my cottage home,
Beside the murm'ring rill,
Where oft I sat to listen to
The music of the mill.

I see the stalwart miller's form,
His well-known voice I hear;
The breeze seems wafting on the strain
He sang, distinct and clear.

Oh! fairy flower; enchanting gem!
Thou seem'st bedeck'd with smiles,
Filling me with a pleasant dream
That all my care beguiles.

BY WHARFE'S WINDING STREAM.

BY Wharfe's winding stream a fair damsel resides,
Who vows she will love me whatever betides!
What though I am born of a humble degree,
The lassie she cares not, because she loves me.
Her father's a farmer, an owner of land,
Who riches and servants has at his command,
And I, in the fields, work at guiding the plough,
With health and contentment enstamped on my brow.
My Jenny's a jewel, the fairest, I ween,
The sun ever shone on—my own bonny queen;
Her cheeks are like roses as seen in the morn,
When dew-drops hang brightly each leaf to adorn;
Yet modest in mien—like a primrose she seems,
That stands in the moonlight where wind crystal streams;
Her voice is as soft as the zephyr that blows
Through green branching willows, where deep water flows;
Her eye is as witchingly blue as the sky,
When Luna is flinging her radiance on high;
Her foot is so pretty, you'd deem her a queen,
And another such ankle there never was seen;
Look on her, a thrill through your bosom will pass;
In sooth, you would fall quite in love with the lass;
And should she display her streaming bright hair,
You would think that an angel you saw, I declare.

In calm Summer evenings, when work is all done,
We wander together where Wharfe's waters run;
We stray thro' the valley—we roam thro' the glade,
Or we sit in the bower fair Nature hath made.
It is there I oft press her dear hand within mine,
While I look on her form as a being divine.
It was there I entwin'd her a chaplet of flowers,
And crown'd her a queen in Wharfe's fairy bowers;
And these were the words that my queen heard me say,
As I placed on her fair brow the garland so gay:—
"High Heaven protect thee from care and from strife,
And crown thee with health, and with wealth, and long life,
And may I who have wooed—and have won thy pure heart,
From virtue's fair pathway, oh! never depart!"

THOUGHTS AT EARLY DAWN.

"The day begins to break, and night is fled."—SHAKESPEARE.

DIFFUSES now the sun his golden beams,
As from the East he looketh forth with joy:
The day dawns sweetly—what a sight sublime
Bursts on the eye—blest is the man that sees!
In rainbow hues the clouds adorn the Heavens,
Which wondrously are pav'd with blushing roses;
While earth with all its creatures seems awake,

And praises mix with universal joy—
Rising to Him who made the world so fair.
  Let me mount high upon the breezy hill,
And view the valleys stretching far and wide;
There listen to the song-birds and the streams
That laugh and glisten as they onward go.
  The sight and rustle of the golden corn
For me possess a thousand witching charms;
To me the ploughboy's song is beautiful:
The milkmaid's fair!—so are the lowing kine.
I love the hum of bees—I love the winds
That sigh as through an orchestra of leaves.
Some say such pleasures suit a simple mind
And chide because I love and sing those things.
  Shall Heaven be blam'd, that has in me instill'd
Such tastes, such soul-ennobling love?
Should these forget to charm, then let me cease
To find existence in this fleeting world:
For then should I forget my King, my God,
As He, my Maker, form'd and keeps them all.
How, then, can I forget to love these things,
When objects all—above, below, around—
Gush forth with praises high? My o'erwrought heart
Vibrates in unison—extols the love
That made the world so good—so wondrous fair.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

BENEATH the elm's embow'ring shade,
Within the grave-yard green,
This head of mine will rest, mother,
Ere Spring returns, I ween.

I feel so very sick, mother,
So sinking is my pain,
I think I shall not live until
The flowers come back again.

O! to the window carry me,
My mother dear, I pray;
The school-house I again would see,—
Would see the children play!

Never again toward that school
My feet shall find their way,
Nor shall I go to church, mother,
With you on Sabbath day.

Oh! never o'er the meadow fair,
Through woodland green nor glen,
To gather pretty, golden flowers,
Shall my feet roam again.

Never for me the nightingale
Shall carol in the grove,
Nor goldfinch from the tree-top sing
The notes I so much love.

Beneath the chesnut glade no more
You'll see me sit at eve,
And in my brother's wavy locks
The dear wild-wood flowers weave.

Yet Spring will come again, mother,
And flowers bedeck the lea;
Song-birds again will sing their songs,
But not, alas! for me.

For when the scented hedge-rows bloom,
And green leaves clothe each tree,
I shall beneath the elm-tree shade
Be resting silently!

Nay—do not weep for me, mother,
For soon 'twill all be well;
I leave a world of pain, mother,
To go with Christ to dwell.

No sun is needed there, mother,
For Jesus gives them light;
And angels clad in radiant robes
Are with them day and night.

There, through the flowery vales, mother,
The crystal waters flow :
The Tree of Life gives fruit, mother,
From every waving bough.

And flowers of every hue, mother,
Yield plenteous sweet perfume ;
And every bower and tree, mother,
Are ever bright with bloom.

There nothing fades away, mother,
No evil enters there ;
'Tis a bright land of perfect bliss,
Where none shall know a care.

Come—once more kiss my cheek, mother ;
Once more—before I die :
The angels now are waiting here ;
So mother, dear—good bye.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. BELLHOUSE.

OH ! art thou gone ! the good, the brave ?
And have they laid thee in the grave,
Within that narrow bed to rest,
Apart from those who lov'd thee best ?

How frail ! how very frail are we !
God help our poor humanity.
But dust we are, and back to earth
We travel from our earliest birth !

Our Sister, lately call'd away,
Did acts of kindness day by day !
Heaven bless'd her with a generous mind,
With manners gentle and refined.
Her heart could feel another's woe,
And needful help her hands bestow ;
Few words suffic'd of saddening tale.
None ever knew her kindness fail ;
Foremost was she to act her part,
And try to heal the breaking heart.

The feeble and the aged poor
Thy well-known footsteps hear no more ;
No more they listen to the voice
That often made the heart rejoice.
For, still in death, thy graceful form
Regards not sunshine, cold, nor storm ;
While rests thy soul in that abode
Where all the righteous are with God.

OH WHARFE! AGAIN THY WINDING STREAM.

OH Wharfe! again thy winding stream,
With tears my eyes behold;
For friends most dear no more I greet,
Though valued more than gold.

The scene around the aspect wears
It wore in days of yore;
The ash-tree stands upon the hill,*
And charms me as before.

The banks remain, the hall, † the mill, ‡
The church ‖ where many pray;
But those I lov'd and used to meet,
Oh! tell me where are they.

There still the old bridge § strides the stream,
Grown hoar with length of days;

* The hill where the Castle used to stand, but now not one stone remains to mark the spot. The place is called "The Castle Hill" to this day.

† Healaugh Hall.

‡ The mill where the celebrated Tadcaster flour is manufactured.

‖ The church dedicated to St. Mary is a large and beautiful stone building, in the later English style of the fifteenth century, and has a nave, aisles, chancel, tower, organ, and six fine-toned bells. The register dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century.

§ The noble bridge over-arches the lovely river Wharfe, and is supposed to have been built about the beginning of the eighteenth century, out of the ruins of the castle which stood on a hill on the north-west side of the Town.

And birds upon the self-same trees
Warble their happy lays.

Yet those I long'd and hop'd to meet,
Within the cold grave lie;
It makes me sad to think of them,
And tears bedim mine eye.

When not a friend my heart to cheer,
In this wide world have I,
Because departed have they all:
'Tis time that I should die!

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ——

I SAW her fading day by day,
As a cut flower might show decay;
And seeing this it touch'd my heart,
Till from my eyes the tears would start,
And rush in rivers down my cheek;
Yet oh! I dar'd not dare to speak,
Lest quivering lips should words reveal,
And rend the heart it fain would heal.
Oh my poor heart! and is it dead?
Her gentle spirit, has it fled?
Yes, from this weary world away,
Gone up to life's and endless day.

Now hath she done with care and sorrow,
No pain shall reach her on the morrow;
Sweetly she'll sleep—a sleep most sound,
In grave clothes folded under ground;
There peaceful rest, until the day
To Judgment all are call'd away!

OH! SPEAK NOT LIGHTLY OF THE BARD

OH! speak not lightly of the bard,
For here how short his stay!
His life is like a summer flower,
That blooms to pass away!

At times, 'tis true, his thoughtful mien
Admits not sportive glee,
Yet in his soul a gladness wakes
With love of minstrelsy.

The marvellous twinkling, starry orbs
Which grace the brow of night,
Still keep in Heaven their even way,
Though hidden from the sight.

So with the bard—amid the throng,
Howe'er he may appear,
His soul is often rapt with strains
That others never hear!

His muse is ever on the wing,
Not for himself alone,
As flowerets scatter sweet perfumes
Until their days are done.

Then even from their withered leaves
An odour sweet will rise,
So from the bard may glory spring,
When in the grave he lies.

For his is not a "Common Lot,"
Though death shall close his eyes,
His memory lives while years roll on—
The poet never dies!

Then speak not lightly of the bard,
For here how short his stay!
His life is like a summer flower,
That blooms to pass away!

HELP FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

YE noble hearts of Albion,
Where peace and plenty reign,
Oh! hear ye not the cry for help
That comes across the main?

Think of the gory battle-field!
What scenes of woe and pain!
The wounded do your succour need—
You cannot help the slain!

How many a gallant soldier
Is maim'd and prostrate laid,
Requiring food and clothing!
Then quickly furnish aid.

Think each a noble brother,
And think—oh! cruel fate—
Of sisters without shelter,
Unhoused—in starving state.

Sick, wounded, destitute—oh help!
Tho' on a foreign shore,
Commiserate, condole with them,
And give them from your store.

LINES SUGGESTED DURING AN EARLY WALK ON THE BANKS OF THE WHARFE.

WHARFEDALE! I love to gaze upon thy charms,
Thou'rt beautiful to me beyond compare,
Thy waters are as music to my soul;
Thy valleys and thy woodlands laugh with gladness;
Peace, Liberty, and Love, reign everywhere!

Oh! what a sweet enchanting scene is this!
Has some good angel passing o'er the land
Strew'd beauties bounteously upon this spot?
Thine Abbey,* too, is grand in its decay,
Embosom'd midst thy tall majestic trees;
Whose towering tops impinge upon the sky;
Thy ancient Halls add splendour to the scene.
Then in thy Cottages peace is supreme,
And Happiness sits queen in this abode.
Among thy fertile valleys flocks and herds
Are scattered, and the hills are witnesses
Of cattle numerous as the flowers of Spring;
The songs of wild-birds fall upon the ear;
Each breeze is fragrant with the breath of blossoms;
Fair are the roses that adorn thy hedgerows,
But fairer still the Daughters of the land.
Glad is the shepherd's boy who breathes thy air;
While at his feet the little brooklet glides,
Meandering through the verdant meadow-sweets,
His rosy face sparkles with dewy health;
Contentment sits upon his open brow,
Oh! shepherd's boy! what king is bless'd like thee?

* Bolton Abbey is supposed to have been founded by Lady Adeliza De Romille; about seven centuries ago. The register dates from 1689.

THERE IS A BLANK.

THERE is a blank now thou art gone,
Thou fairest of the fair;
I miss that happy face of thine,
Thy light-brown flowing hair.

I miss those gentle accents, and
The rustle of thy dress;
But most of all at eventide
I feel my loneliness.

For oh! when busy day is o'er,
And labour's cast aside,
I homeward bend my wearied frame,
Unto my own fireside.

Yet at the door no form I greet,
No smile my eyes to cheer;
My bosom heaves a heartfelt sigh,
While drops the silent tear.

At midnight hour in dreams I think,
Thou still art by my side;
And often o'er my chamber floor
I see thy spirit glide.

But when I from my slumbers wake,
Thy graceful form is gone;
And then I grieve yet no one heeds,
To find I am alone.

* * * * * *

BY WHARFE'S SWEET STREAM THE SHEPHERD PIPES.

BY Wharfe's sweet stream the shepherd pipes
Upon his oaten reed,
While in the bush the speckled thrush
Is seen her young to feed.

Now brightly glows the glorious sun
Over the meadows green;
The cowslips sweet perfume the air,
And Beauty sits as queen.

The jocund lark that soars on high
Carols a matin song;
And, humming merrily, the bee
Is briskly borne along.

Oh! let us roam, my own sweet love,
Dame Nature's charms to view;
Down where are seen the lovely flowers
Of every shade and hue.

We'll sit beneath the oaken tree,
And talk of days to come;
When thee I'll take to be my queen,
To cheer my cottage home.

Then let us go, my gentle maid,
Dame Nature's face to view;
Down in the bowers where sweetest flowers
Are bright with sparkling dew.

MY JEAN AWAKE, AURORA SMILES.

MY Jean awake, Aurora smiles,
The happy lark his mate beguiles;
The ploughman's heart with joy o'erflows
To hear birds chanting 'mong the boughs.

The milkmaid sings her songs of glee,
To view the flowers upon the lea;
Among the pastures fresh and gay,
The frisky lambs are seen at play.

The sun gives bliss in morning hours,
The pearl-drops still adorn the flowers;
Then come, my Jean, go forth with me,
The charms of Nature let us see.

O! I will cull the flowerets fair
And weave them in thy flowing hair;
This morn I'll crown thee Queen of May
Within the greenwoods far away.

Then come, my Jean, Aurora smiles,
The happy lark his mate beguiles;
The ploughman's heart with joy o'erflows
To hear birds chanting 'mong the boughs.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE PLACE.

THE home of my boyhood I visit again;
I see the sweet cottage with heart full of pain;
No father to greet me, no mother's bright smile,
No gay-hearted sister my cares to beguile;
E'en gone is the porch that once shaded the door,
And the wild-rose and woodbine will bloom there no more.
Oh! where are those plants which the garden array'd,
And the moss-grown old fruit-tree that made me a shade;
The jess'mine is gone which the window o'erhung,
And the bush where the robin once brought up its young;
And the old rustic seat where my sister and I
Lov'd to linger at even to gaze on the sky.

Ah! all is a wreck; not a charm doth remain,
And those I so prized I shall not see again.
Oh Time! what a change o'er this spot thou hast wrought,
And man's little aims thou hast turned into naught!
The hands that were busy have sunk now,to rest,
And the green turf is flourishing over each breast.

THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

'TIS Christmas time, and chiming bells
Fling gladsome sounds o'er hills and dells;
While gaily by the yule-log fires
Friends meet with friends in happy choirs.

We dearly love the jocund time;
What tho' the hills are clad with rime?
Our hearts are gay and full of glee,
A-dancing 'round the holly-tree.

But oh! when Christmas comes again
Some friends will be across the main;
Some cherish'd ones who lov'd us well
Upon a foreign shore will dwell.

Then let's be merry while we may,
And from us "drive dull care away;"
What tho' we never more should meet,
We'll give our friends a Christmas treat.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY, 1865.

CEASE not, dear friend, your studies to pursue,
However some may chide or censure you;
And "Onward, upward," still your motto be—
Remember firmness gains the victory.
Live while you live a noble name to win,
Enjoyed by those alone who conquer sin;
So shall a nobler muse your soul inspire,
Kindle pure, Heavenly, not unhallow'd fire;
Improve each passing hour: true joys have birth,
Remov'd alike from gloom and noisy mirth;
Be persevering in each noble cause,
You will succeed tho' many be your foes.

SUGGESTED BY READING "WHARFEDALE POEMS" IN MANUSCRIPT.

CHASTE is thy winning muse my much-lov'd friend;
Heaven from false critics every line defend,
And many laurels twining round thy head,
Resound the fame of one to Nature wed;
Love for the muse is seen in all thy song,
Enrich'd by fancy, free from hate or wrong;
Success attend thy efforts, may thy strain

Kindle in some hearts friendship's mighty reign;
Into thy woodlands rambling may they see
Rich banks, and glens, and woods, as sung by thee,
Beauties which on their hearts shall ever dwell;
Yea, which shall lead to love the Bard as well.

DANIEL.

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